

A 1508/1298.

Prospect of POETRY:

ADDRESS'D

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, Earl of ORRERY.

To which is added,

A POEM to Mr. THOMSON on his SEASONS.

By JAMES DALACOURT, A. B.

— *Alterius sic*
Altera pascit opem res, & conjurat amicè.

Hor.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores.

De Art. Poet.

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O N T H E

Prospect of POETRY.

F R O M rural scenes where fame detests to stay;
 Or if she comes is hurrying still away;
 Where once an age your Phoebus will come down
 To do us honour in a country-town;
 Accept a gen'rous, but a poor return
 From broken fortunes, and a life forlorn.

'Tis now some years, and age may tell the truth;
 Since first I trod this fairy-land of youth;
 That fire I found misfortunes cou'd remove,
 And all my verses vanish'd with my love:
 I view'd green fields as unregarded things,
 And talk'd like other folks of groves and springs,
 Cou'd smell a rose, and dream not of the fair,
 Or praise a snow-drop, tho' the Nymph was there;
 At length I met your unaffected strain,
My soul dissolv'd, and I grew young again,

O! ever friendly, ever worthy praise!

Lov'd for thy self, and lov'd for all thy lays!

Add that behaviour that endear'd thee long,

Add thy own temper sweeter than thy song;

Those manners still that make thee more belov'd,

Yet ev'n those virtues pass not unprov'd;

For this thy soul in bitterness repines,

Or smiles indignant at the world's designs.

ON Cupid's pinions sure thy fancy flew!

Ev'n beauty palls when not describ'd by you:

Picture invites the touches of thy pen,

And look Apelles' Venus lives agen;

The graces work upon th' unfinish'd piece,

And put the last hand to the pride of Greece.

NOR could Apelles paint a piece so true—

In silent colours still his pencil drew;

But you add words, and all at once express

Music, and painting by a vocal dress:

There pictur'd life in all its motions stirs,

And speaking picture with the eye confers;

The

The fluid sounds swell out with ev'ry tide,
 The full notes fluctuate, and the waves divide;
 The verse becomes a channel to the main,
 And the strong current fills the stronger strain.

STILL from thy fingers let new graces spring,
 Still shake more music from the sounding string,
 Swan-like continue warbling to the last,
 And for the future please as in the past;
 That all mankind may help to make thee blest,
 And thy own virtue far above the rest;
 Prevailing goodness prove so much thy friend,
 And so much honesty thy heart attend,
 The world must own, with anger envy see,
 How good men love to praise themselves in thee.

W. Walsh.

County of *Clare*
 in *Ireland.*

O N T H E

Prospect of POETRY.

AS some lone Trav'ler thro' the pensive shade
 Missing his way, uncertain where to tread,
 Affrighted turns, and if by chance he spies
 Sulphureous flames from distant marshes rise;
 To them with lengthen'd strides in transport hastes,
 But as he comes the bright delusion wastes :
 Thus mockt by vision, and by labour worn,
 Sits down, and waits the cheerful day's return :

So were we wand'ring in an age of night,
 Led by false splendors, and a glim'ring light,
 Till you at length arose to charm the heart
 With moving nature and with matchless art,
 From a wild chaos of eternal night,
 Gather'd the scatter'd seeds of dubious light,
 And with wise care digesting all in one,
 Compos'd this glorious, this enlivening sun;

Whose

Whose vig'rous lustre, and convincing ray
 Gives the whole truth's indubitable day.
 No more let Rome or elder Greece appear
 The objects of our study, praise, and care,
 Since here a train of precepts we survey,
 As greatly good, and as correct as they :
 Thy thoughts from the grand body seem to grow
 Like verdant leaves that shade the parent bough :
 Persuasive eloquence her aid bestows,
 And each harmonious line with music flows.
 O gen'rous youth, pursue the great design,
 And be a Moses to thy darling nine ;
 See ! learning ope her deep unfathom'd sea,
 Confess thy mission, and admit thy way ;
 Then urge it on, restore with grateful toil
 The banish'd muses to their native soil.

THY Syren-lays still form a pleasing cheat,
 And on my sense impose the dear deceit ;
 In them we view the stream, the wood, the lawn,
 So lively there the painted landskip's drawn !

That

That lost in raptures we deceive our ear,
 And still the floating mirrour murmurs here :
 Their endless verdure by no storm shall fade,
 While your smooth lines afford a grateful Shade,

THE bright perfections of the female kind
 By you describ'd leave nature far behind !
 From charm to charm my eyes incessant roll,
 Devour thy beauties, and admire thy soul,
 That cou'd describe the fair so many ways,
 And in variety of beauty please, *

So when the moon leads on her radiant train,
 A thousand fires adorn the gloomy scene :
 The mingled glories cheer the ev'ning sky,
 And pour their splendors on the ravish'd eye.

FORGIVE the muse, that in advent'rous verse
 Wou'd all the beauties of thy soul rehearse ;
 Content in hours of leisure thus to sing,
 And load with music Time's unwearied wing ;

* The Progress of Beauty.

Nor think because that Pope approv'd thy lays
That I shou'd therefore be induc'd to praise :
'Tis friendship bids me now those numbers chuse,
And love the man abstracted from the muse :
Well-pleas'd alike with you my hours to spend,
Whether I chuse the author or the friend.

Too soon that sweet society decays,
And we must both forsake those golden days;
No more, alas ! to taste those joys again,
And friendship cherish'd here for years — in vain.
Dejected thought ! that those whom Alma bred,
One dome protected, and one table fed,
Whose comfortable minutes danc'd away
Like the calm evening of a summer's day,
When fortune calls them into sep'rate climes,
Shou'd never meet to tell of happier times ;
Never to meet again ordain'd by fate
Far from each other, — and the muses seat.

C. White, A. B.

Trinity-College,
Dublin.

B

ON

For

(10)

ON THE

Prospect of POETRY.

HOW many vain attempts have been design'd
As well to please as to improve the mind ?

Both which in thee most happily unite ;

Strange that instruction shou'd so much delight !

So in Hesperias' ever blissful soil,

Autumn, and spring, alone are seen to smile ;

At once the fruit displays its golden hues,

And opening buds their od'rous sweets diffuse.

Lur'd by thy precepts, and enchanting tongue

As if by magic I too tempt the song ;

While Orpheus' wonders are reviv'd by you,

And now, if ever, antient fable's true :

Sublim'd by music, here the rough rocks rise

A growing pile ! behold it greets the skies ! —

Or shou'd the low'ring north impregn'd with rain

Pour forth its storms to tempest up the main ;

Breath thy soft numbers ! — and th' unruly sea

Smooths its broad face, and hears its rage away.

Not

(11)

Nor with less glory in thy glowing lines
 Than in his east, the radiant planet shines;
 How mild with lucid glances flows his ray,
 When first he rises o'er the vernal day!
 How noon-tide fires blaze o'er the heav'nly plains,
 Gild the green vistas, and adorn the scenes!

LONG dead to music, and the Druid's flame
 Our isle stood hindmost in the lists of fame;
 Till Parnel rose to charm the silent glade,
 Then—raptur'd nature smil'd thro' ev'ry mead;
 But since fell death untimely stopt his tongue,
 Hush'd his gay notes, his silver lyre unstrung;
 Well-pleas'd we view him breath again in thee,
 Heir to his numbers, and his harmony.

So when once Atlas left the blest abodes,
 Down heav'n had fall'n commix'd with all its gods;
 If great Alcides, partner of their cares,
 With strength enormous had not prop'd the spheres,
 Content the gods tread o'er the star-pav'd plain,
 Nor thus secure, with Atlas back again.

(12)

I N

*Prospectum Poeseos.**Scriptum a* JACOBO DALACOURT.

MU S A R U M imperium lateq; patentia regna,
 Celfus ab Aonio dum vertice, lumine Phoebi
 Suffusus lustras ; quæ te, Dalacourte, perenni
 Ardua pertingent vatum tentamina famâ !

J A M nunc, ecce, parat quondam vocalis Ierne
 (A te dum recipit Phoebi mandata parentis)
 Gentilem reparare lyram cantusque ciere ;
 Occulto quamvis torperet fixa dolore
 Diva diu, vocemq; premens suspiria mist.
 Tu quæcunq; sacro dignaris tangere versu,
 Grator effingi passim natura videtur.
 Rem, non verba, videt, mirâ qui illuditur arte
 Lector, & absentem præsentit imagine formam.
 Si leni zephyrus sylvas persibilet aurâ,
 Ille simul tactus vento recreatur inani :
 Jam jam, parte aliâ si carminis, ardua rupes

Horrisono

(13)

Horrissono pelagi raucescat pulsa fragore,

Illi percussas idem circumtonat aures.

D U M pulchram rerum seriem tua pagina volvit

Continuo miri splendores ordine currunt :

Sic stellæ stellas, & signa sequentia signa

Affurgunt oculis rapidi vertigine mundi,

Nec humile intereà quidquam, parumve tuemur,

Ardua sed toto fulgent miracula cœlo.

O T A N T A S cui mentis opes effudit Apollo!

Te musæ patriæq; decus, memor esto, debere;

Immerito miserum comitatur copia Parcum,

Tu cum sis dives, fac ut videre benignus.

Prospect of POETRY.

To the Earl of ORRERY.

WHAT various styles to different strains belong,
 What time to rise, and when to sink in song;
 To thee, best judge of this refin'd delight,
 O! born to genius, lo the muses write;
 'Tis yours, my lord, to bid each art excell,
 And smile on merit which you grace so well;
 To make mankind a nobler Broghill see,
 And find their long-lost Hallifax in thee:
 Few now remain to say who sung before,
 Parnel is dead,—and Addison no more!
 The few remaining time will sweep away,
 And Pope and Swift must shortly follow Gay;
 These only left of all the tuneful quire,
 Garth, Steel, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherley, and Prior;

These

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These only left, the world's great loss declare,
 And serve to shew us what those wonders were.
 On you, my lord, the muses turn their eyes;
 On Orrery the letter'd world relies;
 Their antient honours let a Boyle restore,
 And be whate'er was Orrery before:
 O! chief in courts to lay the peer aside,
 Weed vice from dignity, from titles pride,
 Great without grandeur, gen'rous without views,
 For ever bounteous, and yet ne'er profuse;
 No less by nature noble than by name,
 The bloom of breeding, and the flower of fame:
 Approv'd a patron at thy natal hour;
 Think'st thou to 'scape the praises in their pow'r?
 Tho' from Britannia's strains, and Albion's shore,
 You fly to desarts * but to blaze the more;
 They'll search you out, discover where you shine.
 Proclaim your worth and frustrate your design.

* His Lordship coming into Ireland.

So

So in the gloom the diamond darts its light,
 Tho' thick encircl'd with surrounding night;
 The kindling darkness breaks before the ray,
 And on the eye-ball bursts the brilliant day.

SAGE Temple writes a spark of native fire,
 Excels whatever learning can acquire;†
 In poetry this observation's true,
 Without some genius fame will ne'er ensue:
 Such for a while may climb against the hill,
 But then like Syfiphus, are falling still;
 I own by reading we may feed the flame,
 But first must have that heat from whence it came;
 Else like dry pumps whose springs their moisture mourn,
 We may pour in, but will have no return;
 To such, indeed, those rules are ill apply'd,
 For such were never on the muses side.

COME then, my friends, who like with me to rove
 The flow'ry mountain, and the laurel grove,

† Sir William Temple.

Where god Apollo guards the limpid fount,
And the glad muses climb the vocal mount :
You whom the voice invites to taste their charms,
Whom verse transports, and tuneful fancy warms ;
Before you press the syrens to your heart,
Attend a while the precepts I impart.

FIRST let your judgment for your fancy chuse,
Of all the nine the most unblemish'd muse :
Soft yet sublime, in love yet strictly coy,
Prone to be grave, yet not averse to joy ;
Where taste and candour, wit and manners meet,
Bold without bombast, daring but discreet ;
Correct with spirit, musical with sense,
Not apt to give, nor slow to take offence :
First to commend when others thoughts are shown,
But always last delighted with her own.

WHEN this is done, let nature be your guide,
Rise in the spring, or in the river glide ;
In ev'ry line consult her as you run,
And let her Naiads rowl the river on :

Unless to please our nice corrupted sense,
 Art be call'd in, and join'd with vast expence ;
 Then rivers wander thro' the vale no more,
 But boil in pipes, or spout thro' figur'd ore ;
 The neighb'ring brooks their empty channels mourn,
 That now enrich some artificial urn.

THUS ever suit your numbers to your theme,
 And tune their cadence to the falling stream ;
 Or shou'd the falling stream incline to love,
 Let the words slide, and like its murmurs move :
 Poor were the praise to paint a purling rill,
 To make it music is the muse's skill ;
 Without her voice the spring runs silent by,
 Dumb are the waters, and the verses dry ;
 While chill'd with ice the cool waves creep along,
 And all the fountain freezes in the song.

BUT if a storm must rattle thro' the strain,
 Then let your lines grow black with gath'ring rain ;
 Thro' Jove's aerial hall loud thunders sound,
 And the big bolt roar thro' the dark profound :

But shou'd the welkin brighten to the view,
The sun breaks out, and gilds the style anew;
Colour your clouds with a vermilion dye,
And let warm blushes streak the western sky;
'Till evening shuts in sober suited gray,
And draws her dappled courtains o'er the day.

LET Vesper then pursue the purple light,
And lead the twinkling glories of the night;
The moon must rise in silver o'er the shades,
Stream thro' your pen, and glance along the meads:
While Zephyr softly whispers in the lines,
And pearly dew in bright description shines;
The little warblers to the trees repair,
Sing in their sleep, and dream away their care;
While closing flowrets nod their painted heads,
And fold themselves to rest upon their rosy beds.

But if Aurora's fingers stain the lay,
Let fancy waken with the rising day;
Let Sol's fierce coursers whirl the fiery team,
And from their nostrils, blow a flood of flame:

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Be sultry noon, in brighter yellow drest,
 And bend a rain-bow on her burning breast;
 Let the rich dyes in changing colours flow,
 And lose themselves in one poetic glow.

So the fair Indian crown its gloss assumes,
 Dispos'd in tufts of party-colour'd plumes;
 The transient tincture drinks the neighb'ring hue,
 As if from each th' alternate colours grew,
 Where ev'ry beauty's by a former made,
 And lends a lustre to the following shade.

THUS may a simile come in with grace,
 And add new splendors to the show'ry piece;
 Paint the proud arch so lively to the sight,
 That ev'ry line reflects a wat'ry light.

HENCE to the garden shou'd your fancy fly,
 Let the tall tulip with your Iris vie;
 With a mixt glory crown its radiant head,
 The brightest yellow, ting'd with streams of red;
 Next let the lily in your numbers blow,
 And o'er its sweetness shake the downy snow,

In the white garb of virtue let it rise,
And wave in verse before the virgins eyes;
On tuneful feet let languid ivy crawl,
And in poetic measure scale the wall,
While the sharp sheers return a clipping sound,
And the green leaves fall quivering to the ground.

HERE in the bower of Beauty newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child,
In Flora's cheek when first the goddess smil'd:
Nurst on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing,
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
Then arm'd his hand with glitt'ring sparks of fire,
And tipt his shining arrows with Desire:
Hence Joy arose upon the wings of wind,
And hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender pity softens into tears.

OBSERVE,

OBSERVE, how Sappho paints the lover's pain*,
 What various passions animate her strain!
 Her colour fades, she faints in tender lays,
 Her pulse beats languid, and her sense decays;
 Then in a rapid tide of passions tost,
 Her weak tongue falters, and her voice is lost;
 Again her soul revives, her breath returns,
 Again she shivers, and again she burns:
 Each reader's bosom feels her various care,
 Warm'd by her flame, or chill'd by her despair.

TOST as the sea, by passions let the soul,
 Like the brine sparkle, like the billows rowl;
 Then anger kindles in the warrior's eyes,
 And earth usurps the thunder of the skies:
 See how they mount upon the groaning car,
 Shake the long lance, and overtake the war;
 Aloft in air resounds the whirling thong,
 The horses fly, the chariot smokes along;

* This lady, more remarkable for wit than beauty, was mistress to Alcaeus, yet so cruel to her lover, that one day upon his saying, he had something to say to her, but was ashamed to speak it, she reply'd, that if it was fit for her to hear, he would not be so tedious about it: they both flourished about the 44th Olympiad. Mr. Stannyan. Hist. of Greece.

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The foaming courfers press upon their heels,
 Back run the lines beneath the whirling wheels;
 Fleeter than light they flash along the fields,
 And suns by thousands blaze upon their shields:
 The twisted serpents round their helmets roll'd,
 Must hiss in verse, and bite in burnish'd gold:
 The wars breaks in — now millions are no more,
 And a long groan pursues the gushing gore;
 Spears, darts, and javelins, launch along the sky,
 Plunge into blood, or into shivers fly:
 Thus let your heroes rage, by Mars possess'd,
 And feel an Iliad rising in thy breast;
 But soon cement those wounds, let discord cease,
 And warring worlds unite in friendly peace.

HENCE sounds in softer notes must learn to move,
 And melting music rise the voice of love!
 Let Tubal's lute in skilful hands appear,
 And pour new numbers on the list'ning ear;
 With the full organ let them sweetly swell,
 With the loud trumpet languishingly shrill;

Or

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Or in soft concord let the consort suit,
 The sprightly Clarion with the Dorian flute :
 Then wake to vocal airs the warbling wire,
 Let the strings run beneath the poet's fire ;
 While sorrow sighs, ah! never let them cool,
 But melt melodious on the soften'd soul :
 So may the passions wait upon your hand,
 Move as you move, and act as you command.

AND here Arion's harp may swell the strain,
 Or smoothe your numbers as it smoothe'd the main ;
 When wond'ring syrens to its sounds advanc'd,
 And bounding dolphins o'er the billows danc'd ;
 Admiring Tritons round the music play,
 And angry seas in measure rowl away :
 A tide of rapture rose as he requir'd,
 White work'd the waves, and foam'd as he inspir'd ;
 The billows beat upon the sounding string,
 And thro' the hollow harp the waters ring.

As on a moon-light night when Neptune calls,
 His finny courfers from their coral stalls ;

[From

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From some white clift whose brow reflects the deep,
 He leads them forth, and bids the billows sleep;
 The waves obey: So still a silence reigns,
 That not a wrinkle curls the wat'ry plains;
 Like floating mercury the waves appear *,
 And the sea whitens with a heav'n so clear:
 Before him Triton blows his twisted shell,
 And distant sea-nymphs know the signal well;
 In long procession the carulean train,
 With joy confess the sov'reign of the main:
 Such were the raptures of the sea-green race,
 When sweet Arion cross'd the wat'ry space;
 When first his fingers felt the music rise,
 And mix'd in melody the seas and skies.

ON land Amphion swells the magic song,
 And round his fingers moving mountains throng;
 At ev'ry stroke he sees fair Thebes aspire,
 Walls rise on walls, and temples soaring higher:

* Quicksilver.

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'At ev'ry stroke new wonders deck the strain,
The big creation of a poet's brain!

HEAR how Timotheus wraps the soul in sounds,
'And drops the notes like balm upon her wounds;
The moulded measures querulous decay,
'Till a swift tremor sweeps the sounds away :
By sweet degrees again they gather near,
Recover fast, and thunder on the ear ;
Down the broad brass his bold hands brush the tones,
The long string leaps, and vibrates into groans ;
Let furious Saul be figur'd to thy mind,
So mad—as not to be by verse confin'd ;
With music arm'd the sweet musician stands,
'And o'er the golden cordage spreads his hands ;
The monarch's looks are fixt upon the strings,
'And his eyes languish as young David sings ;
His fury falls, as that begins to rise,
And all his soul seems starting from his eyes !
BUT chief the music of the Spheres must please,
If sounds celestial warble in thy lays ;

When

When the three Parcæ, Fate's fair offspring born,
The world's great spindle as its axle turn ;
Round which eight Spheres in beauteous order run,
And as they turn revolving Time is spun :
Whose motions all things upon earth ordain,
Whence revolutions date their fickle reign ;
These rob'd in white at equal distance thron'd,
Sit o'er the Spheres, and twirl the spindle round,
On each of which a syren loudly sings,
As from the wheel the fatal thread she flings ;
The Parcæ answer, in the quire agree,
And all those voices make one harmony *.

To Titian turn, to Raphael praises give,
Hence picture rose, and shadows seem'd to live ;
On Guido look, to Rubens rear thine eye,
Where each bold figure seems a stander by ;
Trophies and triumphs by Mantegnas' hand †
In martial order on the canvas stand ;

* This is an excellent allegory of Plato's, who wou'd hereby intimate that all things obey the divine law, and concur to produce those effects which are consequences of the causes God has established.

† Andrea Mantegna, born at Padua, anno 1431, was admirable for History-Painting, and Perspective: The best of his pieces are the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, now at Hampton Court.

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With hints of glory fire the warlike soul,
And bid like motions in our bosoms rowl :
Here Verrio's colours glow expos'd to fight,
And sky-dipt pencils stream with liquid light ;
Thy art, O Kneller ! asks a sister's praise,
So may thy paintings beautify my lays ;
Whether young blushes ripen in thy lines,
Or verdant landskips wave in green designs,
Thro' which the sun emerging from the main,
In floods of purple drowns the leafy scene,
A mimic visto stretches wide between,
Where gold appears diversify'd with green ;
Shades rise on shades, on colours colours flow,
And transient shadows undulate below.

So when Aurora mounts the rosy east,
And Light's warm blushes redden o'er her breast ;
A thousand suns her orient rays unfold,
And ev'ry leaf is sprinkled o'er with gold ;
The glitt'ring spangles burn the woodland shade,
Tree, stream, and bush, in nature's gold array'd :

The burnish'd rills, in softer silver show,
And dash'd with purple glance their waves below;
Ten thousand shadows skim the colour'd stream,
And o'er the silver shoots the crimson gleam.

NEXT let Prometheus boast his godlike art,
And let a wonder from his fingers start;
An angel form! by ev'ry poet sung,
Love in her looks, and music in her tongue. *

So when the sun with all-enliv'ning ray,
On Memnon's lips first strikes the golden day;
The hard flint utters melancholy sounds,
And from the stone sweet harmony rebounds. †

BEFORE Lycippus' courser neighs the steed,
And fond Pygmalion clasps his iv'ry maid;
Where Niobe, in beauteous sorrow shown,
Melts into tears, and hardens into stone.

* I must beg leave here to dissent from the general opinion of Commentators, that it was a man Prometheus form'd, for 'twas undoubtedly a woman, in order to propagate his species for the future, in a natural way.

† The Statue of Memnon, son of Aurora, according to Herodotus, was made of stone and not of brass.

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Beside his chissel let mount Athos stand *,
Heave into form, and groan beneath his hand,
While on one spacious palm he pours the sea,
And his broad fingers form an ample bay ;
The other grasps a wide extended town,
Whose regal walls, unnumber'd turrets crown :
Thus was this son of earth, suppos'd to rise,
O'er-look the globe, and climb into the skies,
To scare the gods, with his enormous height,
A second Titan soaring out of sight ;

So near proud Rhodes, across the sounding main,
The world's just wonder brav'd the winds and rain,
While round his head, the rattling tempests blow,
And wat'ry mountains break in foam below ;
On Neptune's back, the proud Colossus rides,
Deaf to the roarings of the winds and tides.

T H E R E Phidias bids the breathing statue move
In living sculpture not unworthy Jove ;

* 'Twas propos'd to Alexander the Great, to turn mount Athos into the statue of this monarch, with the ocean, in a basin in one hand, and a large city in the other.

From age to age, Cleomenes shall charm,
And his carv'd Venus, future warriors warm *,
In fair proportion from beholders turn,
And o'er her cheek the blushing marble burn,

SEE with Silenus, youthful Bacchus vie,
And the flint sparkling in his jovial eye ;
Round his full temples grapes luxuriant spread,
Vine-leaves, and clusters, dangle o'er his head :
On a tame tyger, taught his load to bear,
He rides in rock, and shakes his ivy spear.

THERE good Aurelius almost looks a groan !
And thunder-bolts descend in figur'd stone † ;
Great Alexander weeps his ensigns furl'd,
And bids his fire create another world.

HERE let thy graver thro' rock-diamond run ‡,
The heav'n-hued saphire sparkle in the sun ;

* The Venus of Medicis.

† This curious piece of sculpture, is on the pillar of the Emperor Antonine, one of the noblest designs in the world : 'Tis the figure of Jupiter Pluvius raining on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thundering on that of his enemies : 'Twas on this occasion, that the Christian Legion got the name of Fulminatrix.

‡ These lines are to be understood of antiques, arms, and cyphers cut in precious stone ; Pyrgoteles a famous sculptor hardly grav'd on any thing else but jewels.

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The wounded ruby ope its bleeding vein;
 And the red streams the virgin paper stain;
 Here link your jewels in a blazing string,
 Let the green em'rald, look like smiling spring,
 The yellow Topaz boast a golden hue,
 And slipp'ry Agate shine in veins of blue;
 Let these in crystal caskets charm the sight,
 Terrestrial stars, and children of the light!
 Like the rich bow athwart th' ætherial plain,
 That burns in show'rs, and fire imbibes from rain.

Now let your muse to architecture change,
 Plunge in the bath, or thro' the palace range,
 Heave the huge mole, or bid the column rise,
 Or point the obelisk to pierce the skies:
 Palladio here must think in ev'ry line,
 And deep Vitruvius scan the whole design;
 The works of Solomon, and him of Tyre *
 Direct the plan, and all your taste inspire:

* Hyeram.

In due proportion ev'ry pillar rear,
Nor let the orders be confounded there:
Where the Corinthian stands in fluted rows,
Let not the martial Doric interpose;
Nor where the Tuscan lifts th'imperial urn *,
Suffer the next Ionic shaft to turn †:
But chief that chaos call'd Composit shun,
Which begs from all, and yet belongs to none.

So Babel's battlements began to rise,
Left earth below, and labour'd up the skies;
The mighty bulwark threaten'd heav'n's abode,
And bid the mounting world ascend to God:
And they had now been there--but heav'n look'd down;
Their skill's confounded, and their tow'r o'erthrown;
Tongues, pillars, orders, to confusion turn,
And mankind disappointed seem'd to mourn.

* Trajan's pillar at Rome was the first of this order, the spire of which was appointed for the Emperor's ashes; on this occasion the Romans disdain-
ing to borrow from the Græcians invented one of their own, from thence cal-
led the Tuscan or Roman order. Evelin of Archi.

† The famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, which took up two hundred
years in building, was of this order. Vid. Palladio.

A Prospect of Poetry.

HERE Ægypt's Pyramids must heave sublime,
And blunt the teeth of all-decaying time;
Beneath whose weight, the burthen'd earth must groan,
A pond'rous pile in monumental stone:
Strong bars of adamant the marble lock,
And links of iron chain the solid rock;
Beneath whose summit tow'ring eagles fly,
A pointed mountain ending in the sky

PROUD Babylon with brazen gates behold,
And broad Euphrates in her bosom roll'd;
Walls which Semiramis with turrets crown'd,
And colour'd brick with black bitumen bound;
A second Eden here Nitocris trod,
In penfile gardens worthy of a God;
So grand the costly structure hung in air,
It seem'd not built, but first created there:
Here trees and flow'rs in wat'ry figures rise,
And fruitage ripen nearer to the skies;
Fair fountains fall in silver-streaming floods,
And artificial rainbows paint the clouds;

With

With various-colour'd light the water burn'd,
Against the sun in artful arches turn'd;
Nor were the golden pipes by Sirius dry'd,
The river still the water-works supply'd.

H E R E let the boaster fall from man to beast,
Eat grafs with brutes, or on rude acorns feast,
Driv'n from his throne in dens to pass the day,
To herd with wolves, and howl the night away.

So wild Lycaon fled his own abode*,
Chang'd by the vengeance of an angry god,
On shaggy feet ran howling thro' the plain,
And mingled nightly with the prowling train.

H E R E let the muse a while delighted rest,
Pleas'd with the prospect op'ning in her breast;
The wide horizon, and the world survey,
As thro' the walks her fancy loves to stray.

I N V E N T I O N ! ah how beautiful art thou !
I feel thy sudden inspiration now ;

* The story of Lycaon may possibly be taken from that of Nebuchodonosor, for priding himself in the grandeur of those gardens, which he caus'd to be built for his Queen, who lov'd the prospects of Media ; he was in the same place and moment chang'd to a wild beast.

Thy whispers prompt me, and the pleasing strife,
Of infant thought just struggling into life :
The new-born offspring longs to try its feet,
And run thro' verse with voluntary heat :
This was the nymph that did wise Numa please *,
And this the genius of great Socrates.

LIKE some smooth mirror, see Euphrates glide
Thro' Duras' plains, and spread his bosom wide ;
On whose broad surface wat'ry landskips lie,
And bending willows shade the downward sky :
There floating forests mixt with meadows move,
And the green glass reflects the flow'rs above ;
Shepherds and sheep along the picture stray,
And with the water seem to slide away :
In the blue gleam, the park and walls appear,
And gilded barges, mixt with grazing deer ;
The huntsman sounds—the frighted shadow flies,
Thro' flocks, greens, shepherds, barges, hounds and skies.

* Egeria.

THUS in a room, where light can only pass
Thro' the small circle of a convex-glass;
O'er the stain'd sheet, amusing shadows slide,
Clouds float in air, and ships along the tide:
In rural posture fields and oxen show,
Trees wave, streams run, and colour'd blossoms glow.

'TIS thus when spring's soft vernal blooms appear,
And throw a glory round the youthful year;
Or summer blazing o'er the heavenly blue,
When swarming insects dip their wings in dew:
In autumn too, the same mild scene delights,
To view the water, and enjoy the nights;
Nor less loud winter wilder bliss denies,
When Boreas bids the broad Euphrates rise:
Then peaceful images amuse no more,
But thro' the bridge the sounding surges roar,
Wide dashing, foaming high, and tumbling to the shoar,
The distant billow seems the heav'ns to lave,
And the Horizon stoops to drink the wave,

So the loud Euxin, whose compulsive sway,
Ne'er yet knew ebb or swift reflux of sea,
Rowls on eternal, and directly beats,
Against black Bosphorus' tempestuous streights;
The Dardanells behold its low'ring front,
Gloom the Propontic, and the Hellespont.

No w swell your style, and let the flood conform,
To the rouz'd tempest, and the roaring storm;
In verse as rough let ev'ry torrent move,
Froth the vext waves, and curl their heads above;
Let the green tide turn white with abrupt shock,
And break the salt surge on the rugged rock:
Not so where mazy rills mæandring shine,
The running silver trickles thro' the line;
In smoother notes the whisp'ring waters purl,
The brook falls tuneful, and the waves uncurl;
Hence images of diff'rent kinds abound,
In all the volubility of sound,
Apply'd to subjects, corresponding flow,
Some loudly rough, and others sweetly low.

Hence

Hence various stiles appear in war, and peace,
And ev'ry stile has its peculiar grace ;
In epics here a hero strides away,
And there Amyntor tunes his oaten lay,
While o'er the lawn the lamabkins frisk along,
And with their bleatings fill the rural song ;
Or when still ev'ning reddens o'er the sky,
It bids her blushes round the welkin fly ;
In each soft cloud some colour is exprest,
'Till with united glories burns the west :
Then swarm the flies, the tinsel'd people run,
To bid adieu to the departing sun ;
With airy music sip the milky steams,
And gild their coats in light's declining beams ;
Add that at Eve cool Zephyr wakes the breeze,
'And sits in sighs upon the shiv'ring trees ;
Add that at Eve Etesian breezes wake
With coming gales the leaves are seen to shake,
Still trembling onward with th' approaching blast,
Till on the dimply pool it breaths at last,

A Prospect of Poetry.

Before the wind the water curls in rings;
 And the fann'd ocean frowns beneath his wings:
 Hence Lyrics make the fields, and swains rejoice,
 Or elegy lifts up her mournful voice;
 The buskin'd hero treads the crowded stage;
 Or comic humour smiles along the page;
 There Athens' friend Themistocles appears †,
 And Cato glorious in his country's tears;
 Thy lips Timoleon seal thy brother's doom;
 And Brutus bleeds in both his sons for Rome:
 Varanes there admires the bloody sign,
 Hung o'er the head of kneeling Constantine;
 On Cannæ's field see Paulus bath'd in gore*,
 And Cæsar pass the Rubicon once more.

THUS he to whom the tuneful charms belong,
 Of sacred numbers, and harmonious song;
 Whom Pæan's art did at his birth inspire,
 With a sweet finger for the muse's lyre;

† Themistocles autem quem virtus sua victorem, injuria Patriæ imperatorem Persarum fecerat; ut se ab eâ oppugnandâ abstineret, instituto sacrificio exceptum patera, tauri sanguinem hausit, & ante ipsam aram quasi quædam pietatis clara victima concidit. Val. Max. de Pietate erga Patriam.

* Paulus Æmilius.

To whom the gift of genius fate has giv'n,
That golden blessing of indulgent heav'n!
Must study music to improve his art,
And thro' the ear find entrance to the heart;
While art, and nature equally unite,
Sound smooth the sense, and grace make wit polite
His easy lines unlabour'd seem to flow,
Yet such that ease, as pains alone bestow;
While the fond reader charm'd with ev'ry strain
Snatches a quill to imitate in vain.

NEXT it were fit that picture claim'd his care,
A well-bred man shou'd ev'ry science share;
From hence what beauties may not poets take?
Hence learn a verse to paint the rattling snake:
Thro' the gilt page he twists in colour'd lines,
And round the leaf in curling volumes twines;
The reader thinks he sees the serpent slide,
And almost feels him thro' his fingers glide.

LET Helen's beauty kindle sweet desire,
 In Zeuxis' colours, and with Homer's fire *;
 Compare them both, and miss no single charm,
 But let each blush with equal spirit warm:
 The fine complexion let the Graces spread,
 And Pæstan roses paint her cheek with red,
 While Venus bids her airs around her play,
 And Phoebus fills her eyes with tender day.

BUT Thornhill's draughts shall future hints supply,
 As long as Kensington with Greenwich vie †;
 Where round her roof a thousand colours glow,
 And Britain's rivers round the ceiling flow.
 Here bold *Description* with her pencil stands,
 To rowl the billows over shining sands;
 Strong on the eye th' inverted figures fall,
 And the rich cornish sets on fire the wall:

* Zéuxis from the choice of five naked virgins drew that wonderful picture of Helen, which Cicero in his book de Oratore sets before us as the most perfect example of beauty, and Julio Romano form'd his taste and compleated his gusto by reading Homer.

† See this famous ceiling in the great hall of Greenwich Hospital, painted by Sir James Thornhill.

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Tame on his anchor here supports his head,
 And Humber heavy with his pigs of lead;
 While Avon's waters into Severn roll,
 And the Tyne tumbles out her mines of coal;
 There in green gold the Medway seems to burn,
 And pour down fishes from her foaming urn;
 While silver Isis joins her husband Tame,
 And in each other lose their antient name.

IN sculpture too proportion learns to please,
 When ev'ry beauty swells by nice degrees;
 Where by the chissel's meant the poet's pen,
 That files, and polishes the works of men,
 Softens the rugged surface of the song,
 Yet turns the feature regular, and strong;
 Commands the limbs in attitudes to rise,
 And live, and walk before the reader's eyes.

BENEATH her palm hence sun-burnt Ægypt's seen,
 The roughen'd fret-work suits the matron's mien:
 In molten ore Minerva lends her aid,
 And lifts to life the rude unletter'd maid:

A Prospect of Poetry.

Rais'd by her hand Nile's daughter quits the ground,
 Hardens her mummies, hears her Sistrum sound,
 Tow'rs like her Pyramids, sublimely bold,
 And almost rises half her height in gold.

So the slack rope the dext'rous dancer tries,
 Poiz'd on a pole betwixt air, earth, and skies,
 Walks o'er the waves of heads that rowl below,
 His limbs look supple, and his steps tread flow :
 Beneath his foot the sturdy cable bends,
 Mounts as he moves, and drops as he descends;
 Back start the crowd : He glorying in his strength,
 Springs on his feet, and rises half his length.

By architecture last he lays the scheme *,
 And by some model bids his genius flame :
 Works up the whole, and sees the building shine,
 In all its parts with conduct and design :
 The poem rais'd upon so fine a plan,
 The test, the wonder, and delight of man,

* Palladio lays down but five orders of architecture, and Longinus five
 fountains for the sublime.

Will stand the shocks, and injuries of time,
Built upon nature, and the true sublime.

Thus life-resembling allegory lies,
Behind a veil, remote from vulgar eyes :
Transparent veil ! in hieroglyphicks wrought,
Which only covers not obscures the thought ;
Where silver urns express the figur'd flood,
And more is meant than first is understood ;
Old age and Time in hoary forms appear,
And proper emblems represent the year ,
There oft blue Neptune for the sea is seen,
And rivers rising from their beds in green ;
In golden lines th' autumnal season glows,
And winter thro' a blust'ring period blows.
Here brother-twins unbar rude fancy's gate,
Dress her wild dreams, and on the goddess wait,
Romantic dreams ! from superstition sprung,
Which Ariosto taught, and Spencer sung.
Then ev'ry grotto in its genius spoke,
And Hamadryads from each hollow oak ;

Ev'n Eccho learn'd to answer to her name,
And *babbled* louder than the *babbling* stream.

Now when some rival poem you peruse,
O let not envy blind the partial muse!
Where merit is, esteem it as your own,
And in its triumph let your light be shown;
Let Albion ask from whence an author came,
And judge according to the writer's name;
French, English, Irish, be alike to you,
And gladly give an infidel his due:
Scorn that mean artifice of unjust praise,
Nor think to flatter, is to gain the bays;
Those two extremes the worthy well despise,
Who hate with reason, and with reason prize.

AND yet to malice sure I'm much oblig'd,
On ev'ry side by calumny besieg'd,
To critics much I owe who make me mend,
And envy I cou'd almost call my friend:
These taught my youthful steps an early care,
To tread with caution, and proceed with fear:

Oft in my mind their black aspersions came,
And made me tremble at the love of fame ;
Ev'n now I dread their jealousy and spite,
And faint in fancy ev'ry line I write.

How long before the muses can succeed ;
To please the world is now a task indeed !
All former methods vainly we pursue,
The world is old, and calls for something new :
Nothing will take with this judicious age,
But lines well-labour'd, and a study'd page ;
Where rich variety relieves the mind,
And beams of fancy strike the critic blind ;
Exalted notions which great souls contain,
Thoughts big with life, and bursting from the brain ;
Surprizing novelties that never tire,
But lead the reader on from fire to fire.

Avoid the harshness of discordant chime,
Sense ill atones for violated rhyme ;
R R's jar untuneful o'er the quiv'ring tongue,
And Serpent S with hissings spoils the song :

When

A Prospect of Poetry.

When Triplets like the furies join their hands
 Unlock their folds, and break their lawless bands ;
 Else Cerb'rus-like the threefold monster stands.
 'Tis true a triplet might succeed by chance,
 And ev'n twelve feet judiciously advance ;
 But those experiments are fatal found,
 And seldom us'd but when we call for found* :
 All Alexandrines from the page expunge,
 That o'er the paper take a long unwieldy lunge.

COMPOUNDED epithets had need be few,
 But those familiar, and uncommon too ;
 Some oft like Janus wear a double face,
 A mungrel-mixture, and a motly-race ;
 With those the *mountains* must be always *bleak*,
 And no kind northwind stir the *sleeping lake* ;
 But *ever fanning Breezes* cool the morn,
 And suns *red-rising* the *gray dawn* adorn.

* For instance in Mr. Pope's Homer, where the blood is made to trickle down the leg, thro' the length of an Alexandrian verse.

And down his snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.

Pope's Homer.

OTHERS to wild *description* turn their style,
Make storms blow gently, and black whirlwinds smile;
From each dark point the scatt'ring clouds disperse,
And gleams of golden sun-shine gild the verse:
Without Apollos' necessary aid,
What is *description*? an eternal shade.
Weak eyes and judgments glaring objects strike;
Both are but dazled, and deceiv'd alike.

BUT above all avoid that fyren sea,
Where men of wit are often cast away;
A tempting vice long mention'd in the schools,
The pride of coxcombs, and the food of fools:
Here Vanity holds forth her flatt'ring glass,
And self-conceit adores her swelling face;
Where rival worth in vain pretends to vie,
And ev'ry virtue lessens in her eye:
With their own lightnings oft the fair she warms,
And melts the heart of beauty by its charms;
The dart directed at the man of wit,
Flies wing'd with quills with which his genius writ;

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The shaft that's pointed at the breast of beaux,
 Is fledg'd with feathers or brocaded clothes ;
 And statesmen (who like me) are least afraid,
 Are caught in nets which they themselves have laid.

To charge with gen'rous thoughts the clearest head,
 Consult the living, and read o'er the dead ;
 Where antient wisdom grows more wise with age,
 And hoary seniors dignify the page ;
 Time's eldest born ! fires gray to us in fame !
 The antient's glory, but the modern's shame.
 Supreme of those inspired Plato see,
 A name rever'd by all antiquity :
 Pride of his sect, and honour of his kind ;
 A worthy heathen with a christian mind ;
 Whose style and manner moderns like so well,
 That he alone cou'd Shaftsbury excel *.

IN those fam'd days of literature and taste,
 Liv'd Porphyry's tutor, and Zenobia's guest !

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury.

Aurelian's dread! endow'd with ev'ry art,
In which the two Minervas claim a part;
Whose character survives in the sublime,
As the best judge, and critic of his time*.

How courtier-like gay Horace ridicules,
While he refines on Aristotle's rules,
By Pindar taught to tune th' Ausonian lyre,
With Græcian elegance, and Roman fire :
In him Alcæus thunders once again,
Temper'd by Sapphos' more harmonious strain ;
While in thick fits her softer lightnings play,
Flash thro' the lines, and doubly gild the day.

READ Cicero ; consider Plutarch well †,
What man he was let Charonea tell :
In Arne long this patriot pass'd his days,
Nor cou'd Boeotian climes obscure his praise ;
To him the noblest heroes lives were known,
Who study'd others to improve his own.

* Longinus.

† Plutarch, of reading the poets.

THE Mantuan swan on Mincio's margin sings,
 Or o'er Cremona claps his mourning wings;
 To Tybur's banks and solitudes retires,
 And mid his poplars feels poetic fires:
 Courts the cool osiers green refreshing bed,
 Or thro' the willows shows his silver head;
 Or sails with transport down the tuneful tide,
 Sweet-warbling Vida swimming by his side:
 At Naples too they tell those birds are seen,
 To keep together on the haunted green;
 Brundisium oft with sudden song surprise,
 And warble as they journey thro' the skies,
 To mild Parthenope's delightful shoar,
 And lands belov'd by Virgil long before.

SEE Heav'n descend in Homer's awful lines,
 Where all the god and all the hero shines;
 Behind Achilles lags devouring death,
 And the lines run the reader out of breath:
 Thunders and lightnings blaze before his eyes,
 Blue streams the sulphur from poetic skies!

Line after line the flood of light rowls on,
Foams to a fire, and brightens to a sun!

THESE are the oracles of learning now,
Consult those books, and to those Sibylls bow;
These are the lights that call good actions forth,
Revive their value, and emblaze their worth;
By those great souls shall Regulus be try'd,
And the brave Decii who for freedom dy'd!

AND is there not with whom you may advise,
A friend to relish, and to criticise?
One who has prov'd how hard it is to please,
Not first to blame, nor yet the last to praise;
With whose good sense an author might be free,
And whose good nature ne'er was flattery:
When such the character, and such that shines,
The name of Lawson need not end those lines:
Such late was Parnel—oh! too slightly mourn'd,
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry muse adorn'd!
By Swift belov'd, by Pope lamented most,
Lost to the world—to wit and friendship lost—

A Prospect of Poetry.

Yet shall he live while taste is kept alive,
 And his lov'd Plato in his verse revive;
 Yet shall he live as long as truth shall charm
 In mystic fable, or fair virtue warm;
 The first remember'd in our weak essays,
 With honour mention'd, dignify'd with praise.

NOR let proud Albion thus her neighbours scorn,
 As if her sons alone were poets born;
 We too may boast ourselves the sons of fame,
 Nor are we foreign to that sacred name:
 Juvernas' genius yet shall wear the bay,
 And drink as deep of Helicon as they;
 In spite of all our hopeful foes abroad,
 Prevail at last, and soar into a god;
 The Dunciad comes, sure omen of their fate,
 And Ireland yet may be the muses' seat.

O! cou'd I live to see my country shine,
 Our fable cliffs invite the tuneful nine;
 Those barren rocks with bays immortal smile,
 And Phoebus bless his once-beloved isle:

O! gladly then with life itself I'd part,
My country's glories throbbing at my heart.

WHAT'S to be done in this august affair?

First let us banish all our foreign ware;

Our foolish fondness for Italian lays,

And look at home for Bards and better days:

Roscommon, Parnel, both alas are lost!

And few indeed the present times can boast:

Yet let those few be valu'd as they shou'd,

Here shew your taste, and judgment to be good:

Judgment! that touch-stone that directs our thoughts,

That shows us all our beauties with our faults;

Sound judgment will direct us what to do,

And how to think of men and manners too;

Wit join'd with judgment gilds good sense with light,

As diamond solid, and as diamond bright!

THUS far a youthful muse presum'd to sing,
To growing bards upon a vent'rous wing;
In cloyster'd shades, and Academic groves,
Whose peaceful glooms a musing fancy loves;

Where

Where learned Usher bless'd the rev'rend pile,
 And Almas' glories in her Berkley smile;
 Where sacred Brown indulg'd the thoughtful hours,
 In sage recesses, and Athenian bowers:
 Where Parnel wak'd the long-forgotten strain,
 And old Ierne strings her harp again:
 Here pleas'd to listen to the well-known sound,
 And hail our mother rising from the ground;
 Shake off the dust that soil'd the silent wire,
 And tune once more her venerable lyre,
 While green with ivy grow her awful walls,
 And from her face the Druid's mantle falls:
 Along the park beneath the quiv'ring trees,
 I walk retir'd, and court the cooling breeze,
 Where the tall elms project the browneft shade,
 There oft the muses wander thro' the glade;
 There oft I follow beauty with surprise,
 And drink sweet numbers from inspiring eyes;
 With eager steps I cross the verdant stage,
 And soon transplant 'em to my borrow'd page;

Each maid I meet I set her graces down,
Hence critics say those thoughts are not my own.

FINE is the secret, delicate the part,
To praise with prudence, and address with art;
Encomium chiefly is that kind of wit,
Where compliments should indirectly hit;
From different subjects take their sudden rise,
And least expected, cause the more surprise:
“ For none have been with admiration read,
“ But who beside their learning were well-bred *.
Such suit all tastes, on ev’ry tongue remain,
Forbid our blushes, and prevent our pain ;
Such subjects best a Boyle might understand,
These call, my Lord, for an uncommon hand ;
To turn the finer features of the soul,
To paint the passions sparkling as they roll ;
The pow’r of numbers, the superior art,
To wind the springs that move the beating heart ;

* Essay on translated verse, by the Earl of Roscommon.

A Prospect of Poetry.

With *living words* to fire the blood to ~~rage~~,
 Or pour quick fancy on the glowing page;
 This be thy praise, nor thou this praise refuse,
 From no unworthy, nor ungrateful muse;
 A muse as yet unblemish'd, as unknown,
 Who scorns all flatt'ry, and who envies none;
 Of wrongs forgetful, negligent of fame,
 Who found no patron, and who lost no name;
 Indifferent what the world may think her due,
 Whose friends are many, tho' her years are few.

THE END.

T O

Mr. THOMSON,

O N H I S

S E A S O N S.

FROM sunless worlds, where Phœbus seldom smiles,
But with his ev'ning wheels hangs o'er our Isles ;

A western muse to worth this tribute pays,

From regions bord'ring on the Hebrides :

For thee the Irish Harp new-strung once more,

Greens our rough rocks, and bleak Hybernian shore :

Thou, Thomson, bid my fingers wake the strings,

And with thy praise the wild wood hollow rings ;

The shades of rev'rend Druids hover round,

And bend transported o'er the brazen sound.

So the wing'd Bees that idly rove along,

(Renown'd alike for sweets as those for song ;)

If the shrill Brass invite them from the sky,
In dusky clusters round the music fly.

BLEST Bard! with what new lustre dost thou rise,
Soft as the season o'er the summer skies;
Thy works a little world new found appear,
And thou the Phœbus of a heaven so fair;
Thee their bright sov'reign all the signs allow,
And Thomson is another name for nature now:
Thou first cou'dst drive the coursers of the day,
Nor thro' the dazzling glories lost thy way;
Thy steeds red hoofs still trod th' eternal round,
Nor flung the burning chariot to the ground.

So round Iulus' Temples, blazing bright!
In locks dishevel'd stream'd a length of light;
The Prince unharm'd, beheld the sparkles spread,
Nor shook the shining honours from his head.

BENEATH thy touch *Description* paints anew,
And the skies brighten to a purer blue;
Spring owes thy pencil her peculiar green,
And drown'd in redder roses summer's seen;

While hoary winter whitens into cold,
And Autumn bends beneath her bearded gold.

IN various Drap'ry see the rowling year,
And the wild waste in sable spots appear;
O'er the black Heath the Bittern stalks alone,
And to the naked Marshes makes his moan;
Ingulph'd in Bogs behold his muddy beak,
And the brown Partridge feeding in the brake.

BUT chief the sweetest passion best you sing,
The groves' soft theme, and symphony of spring :
How brindled Lions roar with fierce desire,
And in the waters Phocæ feel the fire ;
There large Leviathan unwieldy raves,
And burns tho' circled round with all his waves.
But higher still, those wonders must give place,
To the new transports of a beauteous face !
Its force on man—the touch—the glowing glance,
The tempting bosom, and the tender trance !
In those how strongly dost thou paint our care,
And all the darling weakness of the fair ;

What

What thanks must Beauty give in yielding hour,
To warn them from us in the rosy bow'r?

A sudden flash of lightning turns my eye,
To thunder rumbling in the summer sky!

Beneath thy hand the flaming sheet is spread,
O'er heav'n's wide face, and wraps it round with red;

With the broad blaze the kindling lines grow bright,

And all the glowing page is fill'd with light;

Thro' the rough verse the thunder hoarsely roars,

And on red wings the nimble lightning soars:

Here thy Amelia starts, and chill'd with fears,

At ev'ry flash her eye-lid swims in tears;

What heart but beats for so divine a form,

Pale as a lily sinking in the storm?

What maid so cold to take a lover's part,

But pities Celadon with all her heart?

How precious gems enrich each sparkling line,

Add sun to sun, and from thy fancy shine!

Here rocks of diamond blaze in broken ray,

And sanguine rubies shed a blushing day;

Blue shining Saphyrs a gay heaven unfold,
 And Topaz lightens like transparent gold ;
 Of evening tinct pale Amethysts are seen,
 And Em'ralds paint their languid beams with green :
 While the clear Opal courts the reader's sight ;
 And rains a show'r of many-colour'd light :
 Your sky-dipt pencil adds the proper glow,
 Stains each bright stone, and lets their lustre flow,
 Tempers the colours shifting from each beam,
 And bids them flash in one continued stream.

So have I seen the florid rainbow rise,
 In breeded colours o'er the wat'ry skies,
 Where drops of light alternate fall away,
 And fainting gleams in gradual dyes decay ;
 But thrown together the broad Arch displays,
 One tide of glory! one collected blaze!

WHERE may those numbers find thee now retir'd,
 What lawn or grove is by the muse admir'd ;

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To Mr. THOMSON, &c.

Dost thou in Stowe's delightful gardens stray *,
 Or in the glooms of Doddington delay :
 There sweet embower'd some fav'rite author read,
 Or breath the breezes of thy native Tweed ;
 On her cool border rest reclin'd a while,
 Mindful of Forbes, and thy own Argyle ?
 O ! thou that only in this garb cou'd please,
 And bring me over to commend thy lays,
 Where rhyme is wanting, but where fancy shines,
 And bursts like ripen'd Ore above the mines :
 Enjoy thy genius ! glory in thy choice !
 Whose Roman freedom has Roscommon's voice.

† A seat of the Lord Cobham's.



F I N I S.